A new Ballad, ſhewing how a Prince of England loved the King's Daughter of France, and how the Prince was diſaſterouſly ſlain, and how the aforeſaid Princeſs was afterwards Married to a Foreſter.

The tune is, Crimſon Velvet.

IN the dayes of Old
when fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy:
The King a daughter had,
beauteous, fair, and lovely,
Which made her father glad,
ſhe was his only Joy.
A Prince of England came,
Whoſe deeds did merit fame,
he woo'd her long and loe at laſt,
Look what he did require,
She granted his deſire,
their hearts in one were linked faſt
Which when her Father proved,
Lord how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind;
He ſought for to prevent them,
And to diſcontent them,
Fortune croſſed Lovers kind.
When as theſe Princes twain,
were thus bar'd of pleaſure,
Through the Kings diſdain,
which their joys withſtood:
The Lady lockt up cloſe,
her Jewels and her Treaſure,
Having no remorſe
of ſtate or Royal blood;
In homely poor array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her love and hearts delight
Who in a Forreſt great,
Had taken up his Seat,
to wait her coming in the night.
But loe what ſudden danger,
To this Princely ſtranger,
chanced as he ſat alone;
By Out-laws he was Robbed,
And with Poniard ſtabbed,
uttering many a dying groan.
The Princeſs armed by him,
and by true deſire,
Wandring all that night,
without dread at all:
Still unknown ſhe paſt,
in her ſtrange attire,
Coming at the laſt,
within an Ecchoes call.
You fair wood, quoth ſhe,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight:
Which doth encompaſs here,
My joy and onely dear,
my truſty friend, & comely Knight
Sweet I come unto thée,
Sweet I come to Wooe thée,
that thou mayſt not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous ſtaying,
amends for all I'le make to thée:
Paſſing thus along,
through the ſilent Foreſt
Many a grievous groan
ſounded in her ear:
Where ſhe heard a man
to lament the ſorreſt
Chance that ever came
forc'd by deadly ſtrife.
Farewel my dear, quoth he,
Whom I ſhall never ſée,
for why my life is at an end.
For thy ſweet ſake I dye,
Through Villains cruelty,
to ſhew I am a faithful friend.
Here lie I a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding,
on the rareſt beauty found.
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my heart blood lies on the ground.
With that he gives a groan,
that did break aſunder,
All the tender ſtrings
of his gentle heart:
She who knew his voice
at his tale did wonder,
All her former joys
did to grief convert:
Straight ſhe run to ſee,
Who this man ſhould be,
that ſo like her love did ſpeak,
And found when as ſhe came,
Her lovely Lord lay ſlain,
ſmeard in blood which life did break
Which when that ſhe eſpied,
Lord how ſhe cryed,
her ſorrows could not counted be.
Her eyes like fountains running,
While ſhe cry'd out my darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thée.
His pale lips alas,
twenty times ſhe kiſſed,
And his face did waſh
with her brinish tears:
Every bleeding wound
her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood,
with her golden hair.
Speak my love, quoth ſhe,
Speak fair Prince to me,
one ſweet word of comfort give,
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Liſten to my cryes,
think in what great grief I live,
All in vain ſhe ſued,
All in vain ſhe wooed,
the Princes life was fled and gone
There ſtood ſhe ſtill mourning,
Till the Suns approaching,
and bright day was coming on.

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IN this great diſtreſs,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now expreſs
what will become of me?
To my Fathers Court,
never will I wander,
But ſome ſervice ſeek,
where I may placed be.
Whilſt ſhe thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
in this deep and deadly fear:
A Foreſter all in green,
Roſe comely to be ſeen,
ranging the wood did find her there
Round beſet with ſorrow,
Said, quoth he, good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden ever,
here lies ſlain my brother dear.
Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Foreſter tell me:
Where might I procure
a ſervice in my need?
Pains will I not ſpare,
but will do my duty,
Eaſe me of my care,
help my extream need.
The Foreſter all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was ſet on fire:
If fair Maid, quoth he,
You will go with me,
you ſhall have your hearts deſire,
He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other,
he ſet forth this Maidens praiſe.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
ſo fortune did his glory raiſe.
Thus unknown he matcht,
with the Kings fair daughter,
Children ſeven he had
e're ſhe to him was known.
But when he underſtood
ſhe was a Royal Princeſs,
By this means at laſt
he ſhewed forth her fame:
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like to other men;
in party colours ſtrange to ſee,
The right ſide cloth of gold,
The left ſide to behold,
of woolen cloth ſtill framed he.
Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder
this ſtrange deed in every place.
The King of France came thither
Being pleaſant weather,
in theſe Woods the Hart to chaſe.
The Children there did ſtand,
as their Mother willed,
Where the Royal King
muſt of force come by.
Their Mother richly clad
in fair Crimſon Velvet,
Their Father all in grain,
moſt comely to the eye.
When this famous King
Noting every thing,
did aſk how he durſt be ſo bold,
To let his wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in coſtly robes of Pearl and gold.
The Foreſter bold replied,
And the cauſe deſcried;
and to the King he thus did ſay:
Well may they by their Mother
Wear rich cloaths with other,
being by birth a Princeſs born.
The King upon theſe words
more heedfully beheld them;
Till a Crimſon bluſh
his conceit did croſs:
The more I look, quoth he
upon thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to mind
that daughter whom I loſt:
I am that Child, quoth ſhe
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soveraign Liege:
The King perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiſs;
till joyful tears did ſtop his ſpeech.
With his train he turned
And with her ſojourned;
ſtraight he dub'd her husband Knt,
He made him Earl of Flanders
One of his chief Commanders:
thus was their ſorrows put to flight

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.